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NOTES AND NEWS.

"For our Creation, Preservation and Sustentation, we thank Thee, O Lord," were words not unfamiliar in old-fashioned Presbyterian prayers; and to many who used them the words may have had special significance, especially "Sustentation," which means so much to Presbyterians. It is a word which recalls Dr. Guthrie's description of the scene in Edinburgh at the Disruption when the Free Church of Scotland broke away from the Established Church, and as the procession passed out of the Church, which was also the Assembly Hall, an old woman held up her withered arms and blessed them with the words: "I have been young and now am I old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," and there and then passed to the place where the new Assembly was formed, the first act of which was to organise the new Sustentation Fund. Even crofters in the Western Hebrides gave their penny a week and ministers who had given up their manses and glebes for conscience sake were made to realise the truth of the blessing, which was still ringing through their minds. Other branches of the Presbyterian Church, including our own, in due time followed the example that had been given in Scotland. Enthusiasm is a valuable power worthy of being kept alive, and some of us remember that there was some of it among ourselves when our *own* Sustentation Fund was organised. The intention of *its* founders was that the Fund should be contributed to annually, so that there should be a steady growth of capital. To a great extent this has been forgotten, but a small amount put by each week for the Fund, which the Treasurer of the Synod will be glad to receive, would bring with it its own reward in renewed int rest and liking for our Church and its work.

* * *

The denomination across the water is an amalgam made up of congregations from Baptists, Methodists Independents and Old English Presbyterians and some new Unitarian Churches, but here in Ireland it is the Church which by right should be called simply "Presbyterian," for the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster still retains the Constitution of the old General Synod of Ulster, from which the churches of the General Assembly in Ireland (Subscribing Presbyterians) have broken away because of compulsory subscription, whereas prior to that Ministers had the option of subscribing or not to the Standards of Faith. Our Presbyterian heritage is too precious to be lightly esteemed, but should be valued and strengthened in every congregation, for it preserves the historic continuity of the outward and visible signs which mark the Church through the centuries, viz.: Ordination and the Sacraments. Recognising Jesus Christ as King and Head of the Church, it endeavours to express the Will and Mind of the Master in the service which is perfect freedom, in which the voice of the people is blended with the voice of God.

* * *

The articles by Mr. H. J. F. Orr on the history of our congregations are well worth keeping, as they throw a great light on matters which otherwise would be obscure.

* * *

Time and growth mean change. Life makes all things new. Beauty is a manifestation

of God, as in our dealings with one another, in speech, word and act, in the home, in the church is coming into its own, as seen in some of our larger churches in England to-day. The breaking up of estates which have helped to make England famous for beauty, unfortunately has meant a carelessness in the destruction of beauty which might still have been preserved to a large extent, and ought still to be, because beauty is as necessary to human life as the air we breathe.

* * *

The life of Nature is strong in Ireland, and so is he instinct for beauty, and the love-light shines in the eyes of her people, and the hope which is our inspiration is that Ireland will yet be "the Sacred Heart of Europe."

* * *

Sure! and when did ye kiss the Blarney?

AN APPEAL FROM RUSSIA.

There is terrible distress in Russia. People are dying by thousands, most of them belong to the cultured classes (doctors, teachers, priests, professors, engineers, etc.). Even those who are not going through such terrible trials and are living in towns, are suffering unspeakable misery. Many are deprived of their bread cards, and even of the corner they occupied in a crowded room. They must go round as beggars Many of them are idealists and servers. There is an excellent agency in Geneva through which good parcels can be sent, consisting of rice, flour, butter, sugar and soap, and in addition coffee, tea or cocoa

As the Soviets receive a big percentage on each parcel, those who receive them in Russia have nothing to pay; the duties are included in the price. A friend of the Editor Mme. Anna Kamensky, 2 Rue Cherbuliez, Geneva, will gratefully receive contributions large or small.

Published on the **Fifth** Saturday of the month. Copy should be in before the **25th** at the latest. Editor: Rev. John Barron, Ballywalter, Co. Down.

The Non-Subscribing Presbyterian can be obtained at the Depository, 35 Rosemary Street, Belfast.

It will be a great convenience if remittances now due are sent to Rev. Alfred Davison, Dromore.

MR. JOHN McCLEERY, B.A.

Mr. John McCleery, B.A., is very well known in the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church, having occupied many of its pulpits and proved himself an able preacher. His scholastic career has been a highly creditable one, indicated by the many prizes he has won. On leaving Manchester College, Oxford, this year he won the First Essay Prize. He received his education at Larne Grammar School, Royal Academical Institution, Queen's University, Belfast, the Presbyterian College (Assembly's), Belfast, and Manchester College, Oxford. Almost every Sunday in his vacation he has supplied pulpits, both in England and in Ireland. He still remains a student under the Templepatrick Presbytery and has been granted a scholarship by the Meadville Theological School, U.S.A. (the President is Dr. S. B. Snow), and expects to be there for the academic year 1933-34, and purposes doing research work in "Practical Theology" and also specialising in biographical history. The Meadville Theological School (founded in Pennsylvania in 1844) has been moved to Chicago quite recently, and is now one of the affiliated theological seminaries of the University of Chicago. Preaching engagements have been arranged for Mr. McCleery in New York and Boston and at intermediate places on the way to Chicago, and we feel assured that within a very short time of his arrival in the U.S.A. he will have made himself very popular, and his whole nature will be expanded and quickened by his experience in the New World. Mr. McCleery is due to sail from Southampton on the "Olympic" on the 31st August to New York. The sterling qualities of his parents, their devotion to the work and their kind-heartedness has won the respect and good-will of friends and neighbours, both inside and outside the denomination, and we wish God-speed to the Son of the Manse, whose career has opened with so much promise, and may he yet attain the crowning success of having souls for his hire, and may many see the light through him. ULLIN.

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HISTORICAL NOTES.

Josias Welsh, 1626-1634.

Among all our North of Ireland churches none have a more interesting history than Templepatrick, and of all its ministers Josias Welsh, its first, the most romantic. A grandson of the famous John Knox, his mother being Elizabeth the third daughter, he inherited something of that divine's zealous spirit, and when deposed in May, 1632, and the church closed to him, Stephenson in his history of Templepatrick tells us that "after Mr. Welsh's deposition his congregation often assembled on the Lord's Day at his house, where one of the doors opened into his garden in which the greater number met. In this door he stood and performed the duties of public worship."

His father was minister of Selkirk and Ayr successively, and when banished to France for non-conformity in 1606, preached in several places there. Josias Welsh was probably born in Ayr, and spent his early youth in France, where his father taught him until old enough to attend the Reformed College at Geneva, which at that time was eminent for its theological professors. He returned to Scotland somewhere about 1617, for he attended the Glasgow College or University in that year, and in a short time was appointed Professor of Humanity, but objecting to the Principal's imposition of the practice of kneeling at Communion and other *non-Presbyterian* observances, he resigned about 1621. Happening to meet Robert Blair of Bangor, a former colleague in the University, he was induced to come over to Ireland, where he could find liberty of conscience, and, being naturally delicate, a more suitable climate. Perhaps the invitation of a Mr. Shaw, formerly of Ayrshire but settled in Ballybentragh near the Six Mile Water, was the most persuasive, as later Mr. Shaw's influence secured his settlement at Templepatrick.

Preaching for a time at Oldstone, succeeding there a Mr. Glendenning, who did much harm to religion by his strange vagaries, such as the end of the world on a certain date, roaring out prayers lying with face to earth, etc. Glendenning eventually left to visit the Seven Churches of Asia. Mr. Welsh by able and earnest work gradually counteracted the vagaries of his predecessor, but he was never regularly installed at Oldstone. A certain Captain Norton, a neighbour of Mr. Shaw's, hearing of Mr. Welsh desired to converse with him as he was not at all satisfied with Mr. Tracey, the Episcopal incumbent of Templepatrick. Captain Norton was so pleased with Mr. Welsh that he promised him protection (for at this time the Bishops were persecuting Presbyterians) and invited him to come and preach "next Sabbath" at Templepatrick. Mr. Tracey, hearing of this, began the service a little earlier "next Sabbath," when Captain Norton entered with Mr. Welsh and ordered the curate out of the pulpit, told Mr. Welsh to go up, and was so pleased with him that he continued him on without any ordination, a rather irregular procedure. Captain Norton seems to have thought that his position as landlord extended over the Church. Livingstone however alludes to the probable ordination of Welsh by his kinsman, Robert Knox of Raphoe, as he mentions regarding his own ordination by that Bishop being done "according as Mr. Josias Welsh and others had done before," but it is strange that Welsh's name does not appear on any list of the diocese as do Ridge of Antrim, Brice of Broadisland, and other Presbyterian ministers recorded in such documents as the regular Episcopal incumbents. Captain Norton's place was known as Castle Norton, but it was sold to a Captain Henry Upton, who changed the name to Castle Upton. The Upton family for many years maintained a very close connection with the Presbyterian congregation at Templepatrick.

Of the eight years of Mr. Welsh's ministry in Templepatrick there are no records. Presbyterianism until 1642 was more or less associated with the Episcopal system, although many incumbents were Presbyterian in belief, notwithstanding their ordination by the bishops. But while there was no Presbytery there was an Association of different ministers who met monthly, first at Oldstone and later at Antrim, for conference and prayer, Livingstone of Killinchy, Blair of Bangor, and Welsh being leaders. In addition, the half-yearly Communions were taken advantage of, as several ministers joined in these services. Blair tells of one of these occasions at Templepatrick when the services continued from Saturday to Monday evening so large were the number of communicants. As to the length of the sermons delivered on those occasions, we may have some idea when Blair on this particular observance states that his extemporaneous sermon twice exhausted the hour-glass, that was then on every pulpit.

In the year 1631 Robert Eichlin, Bishop of Down and Connor, probably alarmed at

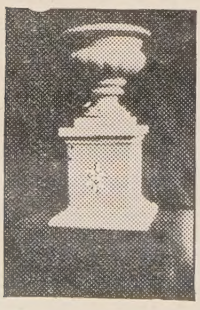
the popularity of Blair of Bangor and Livingstone of Killinchy suspended them from the ministry. Welsh, Dunbar of Larne, Hamilton of Ballywalter, and Colvert of Oldstone appealed successfully to Dr. Usher, Primate of Armagh, to intercede. He wrote to the Bishop to relax the censure, which was done. However the Bishop desired Blair, Livingstone, Welsh, and Dunbar to conform and subscribe to that effect. On their refusal he deposed them, the first two on 4th May, 1632, and the others on 8th May, 1632. Welsh was suspended for two years, being reinstated just one month before his death, on June 23rd, 1634.

Welsh through his mother was lineally descended from Robert 2nd King of Scotland, and was also the great grandson of the 3rd Lord Ochiltree. Jane Welsh, wife of the celebrated Thomas Carlyle, claimed descent from Josias Welsh's mother, but this may have been through a brother of Josias. As to Josias's own family, only trace of one son John, has been recorded—Minister of Irongray Scotland.

Welsh was a general favorite with all he came in contact with and his preaching seemed to have greatly moved his hearers. In the biography of John Welsh, he is alluded to "Mr. Josias Welsh, minister of Templepatrick in the North of Ireland was commonly called The Cock of the Conscience by the people of the country, because of his extraordinary wakening and rousing gift." In Stephenson's sketch of Templepatrick, he mentions a verse on the origiual stone erected to Welsh's memory, now lost.

> Here lies interred under this stone
> Great Knoxs grandchild, John Welsh's son,
> Born in Scotland, and brought up in France,
> Then came to Ireland the Gospel to advance.

Where Josias Welsh lived in Templepatrick is not certain, some authorities claim it was at Kirkhill, where several of his ministereal successors lived later.



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A MODERN MINISTER

"How interesting! so you're staying there too. Well! look, how about coming round to my digs some afternoon, next Tuesday would do? I've got that date fixed up with some friends of mine, and I think we'll have an exciting time."

"O. K. Tuesday after lunch."

So it was settled. I was staying in X——, a charming seaside town, convenient to the beautiful glens, of which County Antrim is so justly proud, and out along the coast road I had met this enthusiastic youngster. He was also on holiday, but all the while brimful of the work he was doing in the world, pouring out to everyone who would listen, how education was so necessary to uplift the world from its present crisis. His authorities too, must have had a watchful eye on him, for after the holiday he was going to be headmaster in a larger school. But he was only one of the very modern youngsters I had met on that eventful holiday.

My attention had been drawn to the graceful lines of a Chrysler Eight, and examination of this polished product of American automobile engineering, had with the assistance of a Rover Scout badge, produced for me the acquaintance of a film producer. Then there was the journalist chap; I met him one morning on the promenade, he was most disconsolate because nothing was happening in the world.

Last, but by no means least, there were the female complements of the party, two in number, Susie, a charming curly-headed nurse——(if I were to attempt to describe her adequately, I'm afraid I should only rush into such powerful rhapsodies, that the editor would be justly embarrased)——and her friend, she had been Secretary of a large Labour Club in some of the University towns in England; she was a red-hot Socialist and red-haired as well. That was the party; but enough, let's get on to Tuesday afternoon. It was really good, and it would never have happened if it hadn't been for the general feeling which I could sense in them all when I told them my profession. It read something like "What a pity! such a decent chap too!".

Tuesday. It rained in the afternoon. There had been thunder in the morning, bringing to a close the recent warm spell, so the day was well suited for our indoor meeting. When the primary introductions had been made we settled down to it. I forget for the time being, how it actually began, but

having noticed how very sincere and earnest each of my guests were for their own special profession, I proposed that they might proceed on the assumption that each was in turn—that most fashionable thing now-a-days—a dictator. So they dictated to the British Isles in turn, but when they had all finished, so had the discussion. There was no common ground for further debate. The finest schools in the world; the highest art and better conditions for artists; a revolution in newspaper writing; magnificent hospitals, then government control of banking and other things. It was all very sad. Over-specialisation really is the evil in the world to-day. Here were all these people, they were all experts in their different ways, and not one of them could more than dimly realise the other's point of view. I noticed that while hospitals were the first item on the programme, schools were to be relegated to the consideration of a sub-committee. That committee at some time or other, might and again it might not, reveal to the no longer smiling eyes of dictator Susan, that educational institutions did need attention. They agreed that they were specialists and experts, but they objected that that was the characteristic of their age, and the only assurance of further advance. Yes! Specialisation is the characteristic of the age, but we don't seem to realise that it is nothing to be proud of. I have said before that it is the evil of the age, but I never see it condemned nearly half as much as it should be. Specialisation gives us a lop-sided view of the majority of things in life. It produces an organism which has none of that delightful symmetry of moderation which was so beloved of the Greeks. I ventured to remind them of a definition I once heard of "a good education," viz.: to know everything about something and something about everything; I may have touched their vanity when I said I thought they fulfilled the first part of the demand — they were masters of their trades. Just then the Socialist turned her ire upon me, with the pertinent question: "Here! what about yourself?" My reply was, "Oh! I reckon I have a good education." There was a most terrific din just then.

When order had been restored, I suggested that besides being a jack of all trades, I was master of one as much as they were. Another fiery question came: "Oh indeed, and what do you specialise in?" I took it to be in order, to proceed with my specialisation. Perhaps I wasn't orthodox in my methods of proceeding, but I found by discreet inquiry that at one time or another they had all been to church or chapel. I wanted to know then just what was their ideal of a religious service. They had no ideals of that kind, so I had to give them mine. There's no need to go into detail, but in summary what I told them was, that it was possible to incorporate in, that indeed the main aim of, a religious service is, to become acquainted with what Dr. Otto calls the "numinous", or what Dr. Oman calls the "sacred". Having pointed out the advantages derived from an experience of that kind, most of them agreed that my ideal was a good one. Susie and the schoolmaster had actually had experiences of this in church, and were able to help me in proving how a minister's special training could all lead up to the production of "sacred" experiences in a church building. My film-producer friend simply would not understand, until I took him (in spirit at least) to the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Finally I had made it clear what the experience was, and what its value was, I then pointed out that a mass of people desiring that experience had built the various churches and chapels round about them. The chief mediator between the people gathered in those places of worship, and the God whom it was possible to experience was a specialist. Borrowing a phrase from Dr. Jacks, I further declared that the essential characteristic of that specialist was that he should know God at first hand, and finally the mediator was none other than their humble servant. I told them of my conviction of God, and of my life-work of making that possible for others.

They discussed this a long time, and seemed to be rather intrigued with the idea of the "numinous", and I noted with some degree of delight that quite unheard the clock struck three. Leaving them for a moment, whilst I reaffirmed a quotation from "The Idea of the Holy," I returned to find them still at it. As soon as I could get my tongue in edgeways, I mentioned my surprise that specialists so varied had seemingly found a subject that had no difficulties from the point of view of discussion, or of common ground amongst them. "Isn't it possible," I said, "that religion, the despised and the cast off, can provide what is required to counteract the evil of specialisation in the world to-day?" Yes, I think it can, and yet this is only one incidental use of religion, but it seems to answer a difficulty of this modern age.

When further questioned later in the afternoon, about being a jack of all trades, I

requested the schoolmaster's help in plans I was drawing up for the better grading of the Sunday School; the journalist's immediate aid in issuing the Church's monthly Calendar and Magazine, the film-producer's advice about the possibility of extending the Camera Club's activities, so that eventually they might film some of the Church's larger social activities, the socialist's criticism of "Christianity and the Crisis" and her opinion of a bank which some of the congregation have asked me to run, and which I see is going to entail me running round to see them and collect their money once a week. The nurse smiled as I came to a full stop. I wonder would I divulge too many secrets, if I were to say that such a nature as her's, such care for the sicknesses of humanity, such compassion and such love, are absolutely desirable in a minister's wife. Still there was a majority that agreed that I was a jack of all trades, and that it was quite possible for a good go-ahead church to have a job for nearly everybody, and perhaps most modern ministers can claim that they try to be masters of that most important trade—making God a reality in the life of everybody.

It was a most edjoyable afternoon, but for the fact that the rain cleared up shortly after three, and my landlady went out for a rather long constitutional, absolutely oblivious of the fact that the meeting was to break up at half past four. However the kettle did boil, I did find the larder, and so I was able to uphold my reputation by serving my guests at 4.15. and proving that amongst other things, I knew something about making tea.

PADDY.

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THE GARDEN OF IRELAND.

We are all familiar with the glowing effusion of the poet—

> There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

The County of Wicklow has justly been termed the garden of Ireland, for nowhere else is to be found assembled such a variety of natural beauties. *There* we may behold lakes of more than alpine beauty; streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their sparkling waters down rugged precipices; deep glens and sombre ravines, where the dark mountain shadows make twilight of the summer noon; mountains with barren peaks and valleys where quiet pastoral features remind us of the pictures of the golden age. The beauties of this terrestrial paradise with all its lonely grandeur lie (one finds it hard to believe) only about ten miles from the Free State metropolis. The valley of Enniskerry may be considered the threshold to the beauties of Wicklow. It is picturesquely situated in the lap of gently sloping hills. On the rise of the hill above the valley is the entrance to the demesne of Viscount Powerscourt, which for beauty and variety of scenery can scarcely be equalled anywhere else in Ireland. Amidst this romantic Wordsworthian scenery the rivers Dargle and Glencree pursue their devious course, gliding, rippling or foaming through lovely glens. The deer-park is rich in natural beauty, but the principal object of attraction is the celebrated Powerscourt Waterfall, which is seen at the extremity of an exquisite semi-circular amphitheatre (formed by mountains wooded to their summits)tumbling over an almost perpendicular wall of rock nearly 200 feet in height. Spending a never-to-be-forgotten day climbing over it, we lay with our Wordsworth and Emerson overlooking the dark masses rising in sylvian beauty, while the white foam of the cataract and the dancing waters of the stream broke through the branches of the over-arching trees below on

> One of those heavenly days that cannot die.

Setting off on another day cycling and walking through magnificent scenery to the far-famed Luggela. One of the sublime gems which enrich Ireland is the exquisite Lough Tay. Knowing Lough Erne in Fermanagh, Lough Gill in Sligo, Gougaune Barra and

Killarney and all the other beauty spots in Erin, I am almost inclined to give first place to this wee gem. It possesses individual attractions to amply compensate the labour of ascending the eminence from whence it may be advantageously viewed. It is encompassed on all sides by mountains, some of them of the wildest character. Embosomed in a deep valley, closed in with a vast amphitheatre of rocks, down which pours a small but exquisite waterfall, forming at the foot a little stream which winds out through the heather and meadows. We can imagine no more pleasurable surprise than a stranger would experience on being led to this sequestered spot without any previous preparation for a scene of such matchless beauty. It would have been strange if such a scene had remained uncelebrated in the minstrelsy of Ireland. Erin's immortal lyrist has commemorated its beauties by some of the choicest of his poetic strains.

The Valley of the two Lakes—Glendalough, frequently called the Seven Churches—is possessed of more than common interest to the lover of Irish antiquity. It was founded by St. Kevin in 533. Ascending the valley we site "the mountain city" (it also is nearly enclosed by mountains), where Religion and Literature flourished in former days, but which now presents nought save a melancholy waste, whose sombre character is deepened by the mouldering relics of past greatness that lie scattered through the glen—the Round Tower, St. Kevin's Kitchen, the remains of the venerable Abbey—and beyond, the still waters of the lake, thrown into solemn shade by the overhanging precipitous mountains, forming a world of its own, dark, silent, and motionless as the grave. It is indeed a region where any enthusiast can conjure up visions of things that mortal eye ne'er beheld; a dim valley over which the Angel of Death seems to have spread the shadow of his dark wings; a tomb where human passion is buried—

> By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er.

It was here that holy Saint Coemgan, or Kevin, in the fifth century drew multitudes from towns and cities to be sharers in his devotions. It was from here that the Saints and Scholars of Erin sent their odour of sanctity not only through Britain but throughout Europe.

As I sat meditating in this garden of Eden —the sea and the little town of Bray in the distance and the Sugar Loaf Mountain crowning all, "the last that parleys with the setting sun"—my childhood days returned, when my eldest brother brought me to the top of the Sugar Loaf, and I thought of "the days that are no more." Our immortal Irish poet has taught us to sing of the Spirit that is in this Garden—

> Thou art, O God, the life and light of all this wondrous world we see;
> Its glow by day, its smile by night, are but reflections caught from Thee.
> Where'er we turn Thy glories shine, and all things fair and bright are Thine.
> When day, with farewell beam, delays among the opening clouds of even,
> And we can almost think we gaze through golden vistas into heaven;
> Those hues, that make the sun's decline so soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
> When night with wings of starry gloom o'ershadows all the earth and skies,
> Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
> That sacred gloom, those fires divine, so grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
> When youthful spring around us breathes, Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
> And every flower the summer wreathes is born beneath that kindling eye;
> Where'er we turn Thy glories shine, and all things fair and bright are Thine.

> One is nearer God's heart in a garden
> Than anywhere else on earth.

G.V.C.

SUBSIDY FUND.

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—

Banbridge Congregation, per Miss McCaw	£2	0	0
Mrs. A. D. Thomas, Rosmaris, Rhannan Rd., Cathcart, Glasgow	0	7	0

Contributions at present should be addressed to Rev. Alfred Davison, Dromore, by whom they will be gratefully acknowledged.

The problem of filling our pulpits during the summer has been a difficult one, and is likely to become more so in the future. It is to be hoped that congregations will realise this and accept gladly the services of those laymen who, often only after much persuasion, come forward to help. It would be excellent if one of our organisations could form a panel on which the names of lay preachers could be kept at the Depository. This has been done elsewhere by the Laymen's League with excellent results; at present most supplies are provided by one congregation which often finds itself short of its secretary and organist as a result.

OBITUARIES.

Mrs. William Moneypenny and Mr. Joseph Watson.

York Street congregation has suffered an irreparable loss by the sudden passing of two of its best known and most devoted members. Mrs. William Moneypenny was one of those who came to York Street shortly after the reopening ten years ago bringing with her a numerous family. From her joining to the end she set a wonderful example to all. No matter what the weather might be or how far she might have to travel, she was always in her place morning and evening, and no matter what might be taking place during the week she was so sure to be there that her absence would immediately have caused enquiry as to whether anything might be amiss. She not only attended but helped by her very presence. Capable, calm, good-natured and loyal, she was a tower of strength at all times, helping to make easy the growing pains of a newly-gathered congregation. She was the natural leader of the women, and if anyone could claim the title of Mother of the Congregation it was she. Her death took place after an illness of only a few days. Mr. Norman Kirkham took the service in the absence of Dr. Agnew, who was still in America.

Scarcely had the congregation begun to realise its loss when another came even more swiftly, and the news circulated that "Joe" Watson was dead. Mr. Watson was on his way to work at the Midland Railway, having only returned from his holiday in England the day previous, in full health and strength as far as anyone could see, and, within sight of his own door, he fell dead on the street. No one will ever fill his place in York Street, and he will be missed in the denomination, which could have no more loyal adherent. He was one of Mr. Weatherall's boys at Stanhope Street, and he ever affirmed that he owed a great deal to his training there. He travelled to America and knew the country well, but wherever he might be he sought out the Unitarian Church and made himself known. In times when to be a Unitarian was by no means popular in the city he never once hid his light, but in season and out maintained the cause, and it is recorded that the end of one argument on the Island was that if the Unitarians were all like Joe Watson there could be very little wrong with them. It was probably the unusual combination of qualities that endeared him to such a wide circle. Though such an ardent Unitarian he was quiet and unobtrusive in his ways. He had a natural dignity which won him universal respect in the Laymen's League amongst our Ministers, yet he could take his place on the stage with the Dramatic Society and win applause as a Scotch comedian, and he was seldom seen without a cheerful smile on his face. The little group who stuck to York Street and kept it open acknowledge that it was Mr. Watson alone who held them together. When the congregation began to grow his delight knew no bounds. At the annual elections he was always returned to the committee at the head of the poll, and in recent years when he retired to "give the young fellows a chance," he was by common consent given an honorary seat which he could take when he wished, and in the Ministers' many absences he always took the chair. It is doubtful if he ever missed a service in the church when he could be there or a function in the denomination. When the swimming club was started he entered into it with great zest and was men's captain notwithstanding his age, and taught most of our young people to swim. It is typical of him that when he was discussing his retirement from work, which would have been next year, he said one thing was certain he would not leave Belfast because if he did he would not be able to attend York Street. Once when not too well he was urged to take a Sunday rest as there were plenty in York Street without him, his reply was "plenty or no plenty I'm going to my Church". He carried out his duties as Elder in an exemplary manner. Every sick member whom he knew he faithfully sought out. In the Minister's absence he made a special point of welcoming every Minister, and his "Welcome to York Street" will be remembered by many. He kept up a correspondence with our members overseas and he had long waited with impatience the coming of Rev. William Bottomley, who had some old friends of his in far Australia. It was a pathetic circumstance that he was able to welcome him in his usual breezy manner, but next day Mr. Bottomley who was to hand him some tokens from his friends, heard of his untimely end. The funeral which was attended by several hundred people was conducted by his Minister, Dr. Agnew, assisted by Rev. John McCleery. On the Sunday following his seat in York Street was draped in black and many old members from the country only knew of his passing when they arrived, some of them indeed looking for him—for York Street and Joe Watson were inseparably joined. It was agreed that some

permanent remembrance of him should be placed in the Church which he loved and it seems as though some of our younger members have resolved to try to fill his place. Of him it may be truly said that "we shall not gaze upon his like again." The heart-felt sympathy of all our people goes out to his wife and to the family of Mrs. Money-penny. It must be said that these two were friends and in a Church like York Street where the Congregation is indeed one great family it will be long before we become accustomed to their absence from our midst.

Mr. Arthur C. Senior.

The Domestic Mission, Stanhope Street, has suffered a severe loss through the passing of the missioner, Mr. Arthur C. Senior, whose death occurred on August 5th, after an illness of several weeks duration. It was only in September last that Mr. Senior's connection with the Mission commenced, and during the intervening months he had shown how well suited he was to the duties of missioner. A gentle, unassuming manner was accompanied by a keen perception which proved a valuable asset in his work, and there is little doubt that he endeared himself to the members of the Mission during h s brief connection with the work. The deeply religious side of his character, combined with his literary understanding, have undoubtedly left their mark on those with whom he came into contact. To many of our churches in the North of England he had rendered good service as a lay preacher, and during 1929-30 was Chairman of the Yorkshire Lay Preachers' Union.

During a previous residence in Belfast he was prominently connected with the York Street congregation. Whilst resident in Manchester Mr. Senior was a member of Moss Side Unitarian Church, holding the position of Chairman of Committee immediately prior to taking up duties in Belfast. He was also keenly interested and active in Temperance work, as well as in the Co-Operative Educational Movement and the Workers' Educational Association. He leaves a widow, who rendered able assistance in the work at the Mission, and also a son and a daughter who are resident in England, to all of whom our sincere sympathy is extended. The interment took place at Carnmoney Cemetery on August 8th, the officiating clergy being Rev. A. L. Agnew, B.A., D.D., Rev. S. P. Whitehouse and Rev. J. McCleery.

At the meeting of the Committee of Belfast Domestic Mission on the 14th August, the following resolution was passed:—"That this General Committee of the Belfast Domestic Mission desires to place on record its profound regret at the death of the Missioner, Mr. Senior and its sincere sympathy with Mrs. Senior and her family in their sad bereavement."

REPORTS.

Ballee—Schools are prone to epidemics, and there is every likelihood that the pupils are not a bit sorry when their ills take shape, for the schools are closed till things become normal. Excursions are again epidemic. The young people with a few elders met at Ballee Meeting House gate on 2nd August, to start for Warrenpoint. The journey was through land and seascape of unsurpassed beauty and variety. This is the third trip to the same place, but on this occasion (a correspondent writes) we managed to go through scenes our party had never touched before, to the great enjoyment of young and old. Ths weather was perfect, and the day at Warrenpoint was spent in sight-seeing, bathing, boating, spending on ice-creams, toys, and such like; on the return a while was spent in Newcastle. All returned safely and happily tired The catering of the Ulster Menu Company was all that could be wished for.

Downpatrick—Presbyterian Non-subscribing Sunday-school and choir travelled on 3rd August by bus to Rathmullan, where, with various amusements and games, a jolly time was spent.

Ballyhemlin—The Sunday-school and Choir Excursion to Portrush took place on Friday, August 4, starting from Ballyhalbert promptly at 8-30 a.m. proceeding via Antrim, Ballymoney, and Coleraine and returning by the coast road, halting for rest and refreshment at Larne arriving home about 11-30 p m. Tickets are issued on the understanding that times will be kept to, and in future no responsibility will be accepted for those, especially strangers, left behind.

Harvest Thanksgiving, Sunday, Oct. 1st, at 3-30 p.m. Preacher, Rev. D. J. Williams, Killinchy. A good attendance is expected.

Warrenpoint—Visitors on a Sunday afternoon would be well re-paid by a visit to this ancient meeting-house, with its extensive green and its beautiful trees. The sexton keeps the place in beautiful order, and the

pretty cottage at the gate is in keeping with such an historical spot.

Stanhope Street Mission—At the monthly meeting of the above the following resolution was formally moved by Miss Florence Malcolm, seconded by Mr. J. Mackenzie, and recorded in the minutes:—"That this General Committee of the Belfast Domestic Mission, desires on the passing of Miss J. E. Bruce, to place on record its warm appreciation of her invaluable services to the Mission both as one of its founders and as one of its constant and most generous supporters. In the work of administration and in philanthropical activity she was an outstanding example of Christian zeal and charity, and her connection with the Mission will long be remembered with the deepest affection and respect. During a life rich beyond the measure of accustomed years and rich in the distinctively humanitarian virtues, Miss Bruce worthily maintained a great family tradition of service for God and man in the spheres of Social welfare, Church work, Education and Hospital work. For such a life, faithfully and unaffectedly devoted to Christian ideals, we humbly return thanks to God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Moneyrea—The Sunday school excursion took place on 29th July. The children met at the Old School at 11-30, where they were given lunch, and at 12 o'clock three buses arrived to convey them to Bangor. During the afternoon the party went to Ballyholme, where they amused themselves in the playing grounds and ran races for prizes which Miss Kennedy had kindly provided. At 4-30 all returned to Pim's Restaurant for tea, after which the party roamed at large, visiting the side shows along the front and other places of interest. About 8-30 the party boarded the buses for home, after a most enjoyable day. The arrangements, which were perfect, were in the capable hands of Miss Kennedy, ably assisted by Miss Dempster, Miss Doyle, Mrs. Davies and others.

First Church, Belfast—The August calendar contains pastoral letter from the Rev. R. N. Cross expressing grateful thanks for many tokens of kindly thought and sympathy, and to the Church Committee for arranging supplies for August. Mr. Cross has been warned not to make premature demands on his physical resources. The 150th Anniversary Fund has more than met all the outlay upon Church organ and celebrations.

York Street, Belfast—Many of our activities have been suspended during the summer and our Minister's absence. Mr. Kirkham occupied the pulpit with acceptance and notwithstanding the absence of so many members the Church has been well filled. The death of Mrs. Moneypenny and Joseph Watson have cast a gloom over all. Mr. McKisack presided at the Presentation to Dr. and Mrs Agnew which was attended by many friends but owing to the circumstances the proceedings were quiet. Mr. Watson was to have presided and his funeral had taken place that day. The Dramatic Society has already started work on Mr. Carnduff's play "Machinery". The verse speaking class is resuming while the swimming club continues to be as popular as ever. The Ulster Hall Service will be held on September 24th. As advertising will be curtailed, country friends will please note, and we should be obliged if parties would signify their intention of coming. The problem of catering for visitors who arrive unexpectedly is a difficult one as all must realise. We have been glad to welcome many members of our country churches who are in town. Rev. William Bottomley and Rev. Hugh Warnock have occupied the pulpit and it has been a pleasure to have several Ministers with us in the Congregation on Sunday evenings.

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